



Pappe with an hatchet.

Alias,

A figge for my God sonne.

Or

Cracke me this nut.

Or

*A Countrie cusse, that is, a sound boxe of the
care, for the idiot Martin to hold his peace,
seeing the patch will take no
warning.*



*Written by one that dares call a dog, a dog,
and made to prevent Martins dog daies.*

*Imprinted by Iohn Anoke, and Iohn Asile, for the
Bayliue of Withernam, cum privilegio perennita-
tis, and are to bee sold at the signe of the
crab tree cudgell in thwack-
coate lane.*

A sentence.

Martin hangs fir for my mowing.

233
1000

1000
1000



To the Father and the two Sonnes, Huffe, Ruffe, *and Snuffe, the three tame ruffians* of the Church, which take pepper in the nose, because they can not marre Prelates grating.

R Oome for a royster; so that
well sayd, itch a little further
for a good fellowe. Now haue
at you all my gassers of the
rayling religion, I thinke
must take you a peg lower. I am sure you looke
for more worke, you shall haue wood enough
to cleaue, make your tongue the wedge, and
your head the beetle, ffe make such a splinter
runne into your wits, as shal make the rancke
till you become fooles. Nay, if you shal not be
like

A 2

like fooles bolts, Jle be so bold as to make your iudgements quier with my thunderbolts. If you meane to gather clowdes in the Common-wealth, to threaten tempests, for your flakes of snowe weele pay you with stones of hayle; if with an Easterlie winde you bring Catterpillers into the Church, with a Northerne wind weele driue barrennes into your wits.

We care not for a Scottish mist, though it wet vs to the skin, you shalbe sure your cockscombs shall not be mist, but pearst to the skuls. J professe rayling, and think it as good a cudgell for a Martin, as a stone for a dogge, or a whippe for an Ape, or poyson for a rat.

Yet find fault with no broad termes, for J haue mesured yours with mine, & I find yours broader iust by the list. Say not my speaches are light, for J haue weighed yours and mine, and I finde yours lighter by t wentie graines than the allowance. For number you excede, for you haue thirtie ribauld words for my one, and yet you beare a good spirit. J was loath so to write as J haue done, but that J learnde, that he that drinckes with cutters, must not be
with-

Without his ale dagger; nor bee that buckles
with Martin, without his lawish termes.

Who would currie an Asse with an Jusorie combe? giue the beast thistles for prouender. I doo but yet angle with a silken flye, to see whether Martins will nibble; and if I see that, why then I haue wormes for the nonce, and will giue them line enough like a trowte, till they swallow both hooke and line, and then Martin beware your gilles, for fle make you daunce at the poles end.

I knowe Martin will with a trice bestride my shoulders. Well, if he ride me, let the foole sit fast, for my wit is verie kickish; which if he spurre with his copper replie, when it bleedes, it will all to besmeare their consciences.

If a Martin can play at chestes, as well as the nephewe his ape, he shall knowe what it is for a scaddle pawne, to crosse a Bishop in his owne walke. Such dydoppers must be taken vp, els theile not stick to check the king. Rip vp my life, discipher my name, fill thy answer as full of lies as of lines, swel like a toade, hisse like an adder, bite like a dog, & chatter like a monkey.

my pen is prepared and my minde ; and if yee
 chaunce to finde any worse words than you
 brought, let them bee put in your dads dictio-
 narie. And so fare well, and be hangd, and I
 pray God ye fare no worse.

Tours at an houres warning
 Double V.

To

To the indifferent Reader.



It is high time to search in what corner of the Church the fire is kindled, beeing crept so far, as that with the verie smoke the consciences of diuers are smothered. It is found that certaine Martins, if no miscreants in religion (which wee may suspect) yet without doubt malecōtents (which wee ought to feare) haue throwen fire, not into the Church porch, but into the Chauncell, and though not able by learning and iudgement to displace a Sexton, yet seeke to remooue Bishops. They haue scattered diuers libels, all so taunting and slanderous, as it is hard to iudge, whether their lies exceed their bitternesse or their bitternesse their fables.

If they be answered by the grauitie of learned Prelates, they presentlie reply with railings; which argueth their intent to be as farre frō the truth of deuotion, as their writings from mildnes of spirit. It is said that camels neuer drinke, til they haue troubled the water with their feete, & it seemes these Martins cannot carouse the sapp of the Church, till by faction they make tumults in religion. Seeing thē either they expect no graue replie, or that they are settled with railing to replie, I thought it more conuenient, to giue them a whiske with their owne wand, than to haue them spurd with deeper learning.

The Scythian slaues, though they bee up in armes, must bee tamde with whippes, not swords, and these mutiners in Church matters, must haue their mouthes bungd with iests, not arguments.

I seldome vse to write, and yet neuer writ anie thing, that in speech might seeme vndecent, or in sense vnbonest; if here I haue vsed bad rearmes, it is because they are not to bee answered with good rearmes: for whatsoeuer shall seeme lawissh in this Pamphlet, let it be thought borrowed of Martins language.

To the Reader.

guage. These Martins were hatcht of addle egges, els could they not haue such idle heads. They measure conscience by their owne yard, and like the theemes, that had anyron bed, in which all that were too long they would cut euén, all that were too short they would stretch out, and none escape unrackt or unsawed, that were not iust of their beds length: so all that are not Martins, that is, of their peenish mind, must be measured by them. If he come short of their religion, why he is but a colde Protestant, hee must bee pluckt out to the length of a Puritane. If any be more deuout than they are, as to giue almes, fast, and pray, then they cut him off close by the workes, and say he is a Papist. If one be not cast in Martins mould, his religion must needes mould. He saith he is a Courtier, I thinke no Courtier so peruerse, that seeing the streight rule of the Church, would goe about to bend it. It may be he is some Iester about the Court, and of that I meruaile, because I know all the fooles there, and yet cannot gesse at him. What euer he be, if his conscience be pind to his cognizance, I will account him more politicke than religious, and more dangerous for ciuill broyles, than the Spaniard for an open warre. I am ignorant of Martin and his maintainer, but my conscience is my warrant, to care for neither. For I knowe there is none of honour so carelesse, nor any in zeale so peenish, nor of nature any so barbarous, that wil succor those that be suckers of the Church, a thing against God and policie; against God, in subuerting religion; against policie, in altering gouernment, making in the Church, the feast of the Lapithec, where all shall bee throwne on anothers head, because euerie one would be the head. And these it is high time to tread vnder foote: for who would not make a threshold of those, that go about to make the Church a barne to thresh in. Itaque sic disputo.

FINIS.



Pappe with an hatchet.



Ood morrow, goodman *Martin*, good morrow : will ye anie musique this morning ? What fast a sleepe ? Nay faith, Ile cramp thee til I wake thee. *O whose rat ?* Nay gesse olde knaue and odd knaue: for Ile neuer leaue pulling, til I haue thee out of thy bed into the streete; and then all shal see who thou art, and thou know what I am.

Your knaueship brake your fast on the Bishops, by breaking your iests on them: but take heed you breake not your owne necke. Bastard *Iunior* dinde vpon them, and cramde his maw as full of mallice, as his head was of malapertnesse. Bastard *Senior* was with them at supper, and I thinke tooke a surfet of colde and rawe quipps. O what queasie girds were they towards the fall of the lease. Old *Martin*, neuer entaile thy wit to the eldest, for hee'le spend all he hath in a quire of paper.

Now sirs, knowing your bellies full of Bishops bobbs, I am sure your bones would be at rest : but wee'le set vp all our rests, to make you all restie, I was once determined to write a proper new Ballet, entituled *Martin and his Maukin*, to no tunc, be-

B

cause

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*Hee sweares by
his mazer,
that he will
make their
wits wet bod,
if the ale haue
his swift cur-
rant.*

cause *Martin* was out of all tune. *Ellerten* swore hee had rimes lying a steepe in ale, which should marre all your reasons: there is an olde hacker that shall take order for to print them. O how hee'le cut it, when his ballets come out of the lungs of the licour. They shall be better than those of *Bonner*, or the ierkes for a Iesuit. The first begins, Come tit me come tat me, come throw a halter at me.

Then I thought to touch *Martin* with Logick, but there was a little wag in *Cambridge*, that swore by Saint *Seaton*, he would so swinge him with Sillogismes, that all *Martins* answers should ake. The vile boy hath manie bobbes, and a whole fardle of fallacies. He begins,

Linguo coax ranis, cros cornis, pannaque ranis.

Ad Logicam pergo, quæ Martinus non timet ergo.
And saies, he will *ergo* *Martin* into an ague. I haue read but one of his arguments.

Tiburne stands in the cold,
But *Martins* are a warme furre:
Therefore *Tiburne* must be furd with
Martins.

O (quoth I) boy thou wilt be shamed; tis neither in moode nor figure: all the better, for I am in a moode to cast a figure, that shall bring them to the conclusion. I laught at the boye, and left him drawing all the lines of *Martin* into sillogismes, euerie conclusion beeing this, *Ergo Martin* is to bee hangd.

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Nay, if rime and reason bee both forestalde, Ile raile, if *Martin* haue not barreld v^p all rakehell words: if he haue, what care I to knocke him on the head with his owne hatchet. He hath taken v^p all the words for his obscenitie: obscenitie? Nay, now I am too nice; squirillitie were a better word: well, let me alone to squitrell them.

Martin, thinkst thou, thou hast so good a wit, as none can outwrangle thee? Yes *Martin*, wee wil play three a vices wits: art thou so backt that none dare blade it with thee? Yes *Martin*, we will drop vic stabbes. *Martin* sweares I am some gamester. Why, is not gaming lawfull? I know where there is more play in the compasse of an Hospitall, than in the circuite of *Westchester*. One hath been an old stabber at passage: the One that I meane, thrust a knife into ones thigh at *Cambridge*, the quarrel was about cater-tray, and euer since he hath quarrelled about cater-caps.

I thought that hee which thrust at the bodie in game, would one daie cast a foynear at the soule in earnest. But hee workes closelie and sees all, hee learnd that of old *Vydgin* the cobbler, who wrought ten yeares with spectacles, and yet swore he could see through a dicker of leather. He hath a wanton spleene, but we will haue it stroakt with a spurne, because his eies are bearded, he thinkes to bleare all ours; but let him take this for a warning, or else looke for such a warming, as shall make all his deuices as like wood, as his spittle is like woodseré. Take away the Sacke, and giue him some Cina-

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mom water, his conscience hath a colde stomack.
Cold? Thou art deceiued, twill digest a Cathedrall
Church as easilie, as an Estritch a two penie naile.

But soft *Martins*, did your father die at the
Groyne? It was well groapt at, for I knewe him
sicke of a paine in the groyne. A pockes of that re-
ligion, (quoth *Julian Grimes* to her Father) when al
his haire fell off on the sodaine. Well, let the old
knaue be dead. Why are not the spawnes of such
a dog-fish hangd? Hang a spawne? drowne it, all is
one, damne it.

Yee like not a Bishops rochet; when all your fa-
thers handkerchers were made of his sweete harts
smocke. That made you bastards, and your dad a
cuckold, whose head is swolne so big, that he had
neede sende to the cooper to make him a biggin:
and now you talke of a cooper, Ile tell you a tale of
a tubb.

At *Sudburie*, where the Martin-mōgers swarmed
to a lecture, like beares to a honnie pot; a good ho-
nest strippling, of the age of fiftie yeares or therea-
bout, that could haue done a worse act if compa-
nie had not been neere, askt his sweete sister, whe-
ther lecherie in her conscience were a sinne? In
faith (quoth she) I thinke it the superficies of sinne,
and no harme if the tearmes be not abusde, for you
must say, vertuously done, not lustily done. Fie, this
is filthie ribaldrie. O sir, ther is no mirth without ri-
baldrie, nor ribaldry without *Martin*, ask mine ho-
stesse of the iuie bush in *Wye* for the one, & my olde
hostesse of the Swanne in *Warwicke* for the other.

She

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She is dead: the diuell she is. You are too broade with *Martins* brood: for he hath a hundred thousand that will set their hands to his Articles, and shewe the *Queene*. Sweeter and sweeter: for wee haue twentie hundred thousand hands to withstand them. I would it were come to the graspe, we would show them an Irish trick, that when they thinke to winne the game with one man, wee'le make them hold out till wee haue but two left to carrie them to the gallowes: wel followed in faith, for thou saidst thou wert a gamester. All this is but bad English, when wilt thou come to a stile? *Martin* hath manie good words. Manie? Now you put me in mind of the matter, there is a booke coming out of a hundred merrie tales, and the petigree of *Martin* fetcht from the burning of *Sodome*, his armes shalbe set on his hearse, for we are prouiding his funerall, and for the winter nights the tales shall be told *secundum vsum Sarum*: the Deane of *Salisbury* can tell twentie. If this will not make *Martin* mad, malicious and melancholie (ô braue letter followed with a full crie) then will we be desperate, & hire one that shall so translate you out of French into English, that you will blush, and lie by it. And one will wee coniure vp, that writing a familiar Epistle about the naturall causes of an Earthquake, fell into the bowells of libelling, which made his eares quake for feare of clipping, he shall tickle you with taunts: all his works bound close, are at least fixe sheetes in quarto, & he calls them the first tome of his familiar Epistle: hee is full of latin ends, and

*They are not
so manie, they
are all Centi-
mani, an hun-
dred hands a
peece: so that
in all they are
but one thou-
sand.*

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worth tenne of those that crie in London, *haie ye a-
nie gold ends to sell*. If he giue you a bob, though he
drawe no bloud, yet are you sure of a rap with a
bable. If he ioyne with vs, *perijsti Martin*, thy wit
will be massacred: if the toy take him to close with
thee, then haue I my wish, for this tenne yeres haue
I lookt to lambacke him. Nay he is a mad lad, and
such a one as cares as little for writing without
wit, as *Martin* doth for writing without honestie;
a notable coach companion for *Martin*, to drawe
Diuinitie from the Colledges of *Oxford* and *Cam-
bridge*, to Shoormakers hall in Sainct *Martins*. But
we neither feare *Martin*, nor the foot-cloth, nor the
beast that wears it, be he horse or asse; nor whose
sonne he is, be he *Martins*, sonne, *Iohns*, sonne, or *Ri-
chards*, sonne; nor of what occupation he be, be a
ship-wright, cart-wright, or tibur-wright. If they
bring seuen hundred men, they shall be boxt with
fourteen hundred boyes. Nay we are growing to
a secret bargaine. O, but I forgate a riddle; *the more
it is spied, the lesse it is scene*. Thats the Sunne: the lesse
it is spied of vs, the more it is scene of those vnder
vs. The Sunne? thou art an asse, it is the Father,
for the old knaue, thinking by his bastardie to co-
uer his owne head, putteth it like a stagge ouer the
pale. Pale? nay I will make him bluth as red as
ones nose, that was alwaies washt in well water.

What newes from the Heraldes? Tush, thats
time enough to know to morrow, for the sermon
is not yet cast. The sermon foole? why they neuer
studie, but cleaue to Christ his *dabitur in illa hora*.

They

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They venter to catch soules, as they were soles;
Doctors are but dunces, none sowes true stiches in
a pulpet, but a shoemaker.

Faith, thou wilt bee caught by the stile. What
care I to be found by a stile, when so many *Martins* *Martin Junior*
says, hee found
his fathers pa-
pers vnder a
bush, the knave
was started fro
his Fourme.
haue been taken vnder an hedge? If they cannot le-
uell, they will roue at thee, and anatomize thy life
from the cradle to the graue, and thy bodie from
the corne on thy toe, to the crochet on thy head.
They bee as cunning in cutting vp an honest mans
credit, as *Bull* in quartering a knaues bodie. Tush,
(what care I) is my posie; if hee meddle with mee,
Ile make his braines so hot that they shall crumble,
and rattle in his warpt scull, like pepper in a dride
bladder.

I haue a catalogue of al the sheepe, and it shall go
hard, but I will crosse the bel-weather. Why shuld
I feare him that walkes on his neats-feete. Neither
court, nor countrie that shalbe free, I am like death,
Ile spare none. There shall not misse a name of anie,
that had a Godfather; if anie bee vnchristened, Ile
nicke him with a name.

But whist; beware an action of the case. Then
put this for the case, whether it bee not as lawfull to
set downe the facts of knaues, as for a knaue to
slander honest men. Alls as it is taken; marie the
dinell take al, if truth find not as many soft cushions
to leane on, as trecherie.

Theres one with a lame wit, which will not
weare a foure cornerd cap, then let him put on Ti-
burne, that hath but three corners; & yet the knaue
himselfe,

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himselfe, hath a pretie wench in euerie corner.

*He calls none
but she heares
to misse.*

I could tickle *Martin* with a true tale of one of his sonnes, that hauing the companie of one of his sisters in the open fieldes, saide, hee would not smoothen vp sinne, and deale in hugger mugger against his Conscience. In the hundred merrie tales, the places, the times, the witnesses and all, shall be put downe to the prooffe, where I warrant you, the Martinists haue consciences of prooffe. Doeft think *Martin*, thou canst not be discouered? What foole would not thinke him discouered that is balde? Put on your night cap, and your holie day English, and the best wit you haue for high daies, all wil be little enough to keepe you from a knaues penance, though as yet you bee in a fooles paradise. If you coyne words, as *Cankerburie*, *Canterburines*, &c. why, I knowe a foole that shall so inkhornize you with straunge phrases, that you shall blush at your own bodes. For Similes, theres another shall liken thee to any thing, besides he can raile too. If *Martin* muzzle not his mouth, and manacle his hands, Ile blabb all, and not sticke to tell, that pewes and stewes, are rime in their religion.

Scratch not thy head *Martin*, for bethou *Martin* the bird, or *Martin* the beast; a bird with the longest bill, or a beast with the longest cares, theres a net spread for your necke. *Martin* Ile tell thee a tale woorth twelue pence, if thy witt bee woorth a pennie.

There came to a Duke in *Italy*, a large lubber and a beggerlie, saying hee had the Philosophers
Stone,

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Stone, and that hee could make golde faster, than the Duke could spend it; The Duke askt him, why hee made none to mainteine himselfe? Becanse quoth he, I could neuer get a secret place to worke in; for once I endeouored, and the Popes holinesse sent for me, whom if he had caught, I should haue been a prentice to mainteine his pride. The Duke minding to make triall of his cunning, and eager of gold, set him to worke closelie in a vault, where it it was not knowen to his neerest seruants. This Alcumist, in short time consumed two thousand pound of the Dukes gold, and brought him halfe a ducket: why (quoth the Duke) is this all? All quoth he my Lord, that I could make by Art. Wel said the Duke, then shalt thou see my cunning; for I will boile thee, straine thee, and then drie thee, so that of a lubber, that weighed three hundred weight, I will at last make a dram of knaues powder. The Duke did it.

Martin, if thou to cousten haue crept into the bosome of some great mē, saying thou hast the churches discipline, & that thou canst by thy faction & pollicie, pull down Bishops and set vp Elders, bring the lands of the Clergie, into the cofers of the Temporaltie, and repaire Religion, by impairing their linings; it may be, thou shalt bee hearkened too, stroakt on the head, greasd in the hand, fed daintelie, kept secretlie, and countenaunct mightelie. But when they perceiue, that all thy deuices bee but ~~chymaeres~~ monstres of thine owne imaginations, so farre from pulling downe a Cathedrall Church,

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*Martin & his
maintainer
are both saw-
ers of timber,
but Martin
stands in the
pit, all the dust
must fall in his
eyes, but he shal
never walke on
the boards.*

that they cannot remooue a corner of a square cap: the will they deal with thee, as the Duke did with the Alcumist, giue thee as manie bobs on the eare, as thou hast eaten morsels of their meate, and make thee an example of seditiō to be pointed at, that art now so mewde vp, that none can point where thou art. All this tale, with the application, was not of my penning, but found among loose papers; marry he that did it, dares stand to it. Now, because I haue nothing to doo betweene this and supper, Ile tell you another tale, and so begin Winter by time.

There was a libeller, who was also a coniurer, so that whatsoeuer casting of figures there was, he deceiued them; at the last, one as cunning as himself, shewed, wher he sate writing in a foles coate, & so he was caught and whipt. *Martin*, there are figures a flinging, and ten to one, thou wilt be found sitting in a Knaues skinne, and so be hangd.

Hollow there, giue me the beard I wore yesterday. O beware of a gray beard, and a balde head: for if such a one doo but nod, it is right dudin and deepe discretion. But softe, I must now make a graue speech.

There is small difference between Swallowes & *Martins*, either in shape or nature, saue onely, that the *Martins*, haue a more beetle head, they both breed in Churches, and hauing fledgde their young ones, leaue nothing behind them but dust. Vnworthis to come into the Church porch, or to be nourished vnder anie good mans Eues, that gnawe the bowels, in which they were bred, and defile the place,

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place, in which they were ingendred.

They studie to pull downe Bishoppes, and sett vp Superintendants, which is nothing else, but to raze out good *Greeke*, & enterline bad *Latine*. A fine period; but I cannot continue this stile, let me fall into my olde vaine. O doost remember, how that Bastard *Iunior* complaines of brothels, and talkes of long *Megg* of *Westminster*. A craftie iacke, you thought because you twitted *Marmartin*, that none would suspect you; yes faith *Martin*, you shall bee threst with your owne flaile.

It was one of your nest, that writt this for a loue letter to as honest a womā as euer burnt malt. *Grace mercie and peace to thee (O widow) with seruent motions of the spirit, that it may work in thee both to will & to doo. Thou knowest my loue to thee is, as Pauls was to the Corinthians; that is the loue of copulation.*

*Hee thought
Lais had still
learn at Corinths
as well as Paul.*

How now holy *Martin*, is this good wooing? If you prophane the Scriptures, it is a pretie wit; if we but alledge Doctors to expound them, we are wicked. If *Martin* oppresse his neighbour, why he saith, it is his conscience; if anie else doo right, it is extremitie. *Martin* may better go into a brothell house, then anie other goe by it; he slides into a bad place like the Sunne, all others sticke in it like pitch. If *Martin* speake broad bawdrie, why all the true saies, your worshippe is passing merrie; but *Martin* will not sweare, but with In dedde, In sooth, and In truth, hee le cogge the dye of deceipt, and cutte at the bumme-card of his conscience. O sweetly brought

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brought in, at least three figures in that line, besides the wit ant.

One there was, and such a one as *Martin* would make the eldest of his Elders, that hauing fortie angels sent him for a beneuolence, refufde to giue the poore fellowe a quittance for the receipt, saying *Christ* had giuen his master a quittance, the same howre he told it out: & this was at his table, where he sate, with no lesse than fortie good dishes of the greatest dainties, in more pomp than a Pope, right like a superintendant.

Now to the two bastards, what were you twins? It shuld seeme so, for there wēt but a paire of sheers betweene your knaueries. When the olde henne hatcht such eggs, the diuel was in the cocks-comb. Your father thrusts you forward, remember pettie *Martins*, *Aesops* crab, the mother going backward, exhorted her sonnes to goe forward, doo you so first mother quoth they, and we will follow. Now the old cuckold hath puld in his hornes, he would make you creepe cleane out of the shell, & so both loose your houses, and shewe your nakednesse. You go about impossibilities, wele no such chāge, and if ye had it, ye would be wearie of it.

There was a man like *Martin*, that had a goose, which euerie daie laid him a golden egge; he not content with the blessing, kilde his goose, thinking to haue a myne of golde in her bellie, and finding nothing but dung, the gader wisht his goose a liue. *Martinists* that liue well by the Church, & receiue great benefites of it, thinke if all Churches were
downe

Pappe with an hatchet.

downe, they should be much better: but when they shall see cōfution in stead of discipline, & atheisme to be found in place of doctrine, will they not with sighes with the Churches & Bishops in their wonted gouernmēt? Thou art well seen in tales, & preacheſt *Afops Fables*. Tush, Ile bring in *Pueriles*, and *Stans puer ad mensam*, for such vnmannerlie knaues as *Martin*, must bee set againe to their A.B.C. and learne to spell *Our Father* in a Horne booke. *Martin Junior* giues warning that none write against reuerend *Martin*: yes, there are *a tribus ad centum*, from three to an hūdred, that haue vowed to write him out of his right wittes, and we are all *Apriots* in all cases alike; till we haue brought *Martin* to the ablatiue case, that is, to bee taken away with *Buls* voyder.

O here were a notable full point, to leaue *Martin* in the hangmans apron: Nay, he would be glad to scape with hanging, weele first haue him last through the Realme with cordes, that when he comes to the gallowes, he may be bleeding newe.

The babie comes in with *Nuncka*, *Neame*, and *Dad*; (pappe with an hatchet for such a puppie) giues the infant a bibbe, he all to beslaues his mother tongue, if he driuell so at the mouth and nose, weele haue him wipte with a hempen wispe. *How often* hast thou talkt of haltring? Why it runnes still in my mind that they must bee hangd. Hangd is the Que, and it comes rust to my purpose.

There was one endired at a taile deliuerie of fe-

Trappe With an halter.

lonie, for taking vp an halter by the high way. The Iurie gaue verdict and sayd guiltie. The Iudge an honest man, said it was hard to find one guiltie for taking vp a penie halter, and bad them consider what it was to cast away a man. Quoth the foreman, we haue enquired throughly, and found there was a horse tied to the halter. I (marie quoth the Iudge) then let him be tied to the halter, and let the horse goe home. *Martin*, a Monarch in his owne moyst conceit, and drie counsell, saies he is enuied onelic, because he leuelleth at Bishops, and wee say as the Iudge saith, that if there were nothing els, it were hard to persecute them to death; but when we finde that to the rule of the Church, the whole state of the Realme is linckt, & that they filching away Bishop by Bishop, seeke to fish for the Crown, and glew to their new Church, their owne conclusions, we must then say, let Bishops stand, & they hang; that is, goe home. Looke how many tales are in this booke, so many must you abate of an hundred in the next booke, reckon this for one.

There came by of late a good honest Minister, with a cloake hauing sleeues: ah (quoth a *Martinist*, sitting on a bulke in Cheapside) he is a knaue I warrant you, a claspe would become one of his coate to claspe his cloak vnder his chinne. VVhere tis to be noted, that they come in with a sleeueless conscience, and thinke it no good doctrine, which is not preached with the cloak cast ouer each shoulder like a rippier.

*Tw*as a mad knaue and a *Martinist*, that diuided his

Pappe with an hatchet.

his sermon into 34 parts for memorie sake, and would handle but foure for memorie sake, and they were, why Christ came, wherefore Christ came, for what cause Christ came, and to what end Christ came; this was all for memorie sake. If that *Martin* could thatch vp his Church, this mans scabship should bee an Elder, and Elders they may be, which being fullest of spungie pith, proue euer the driest kixes. For in time you shall see, that it is but a bladder of worldly winde which swells in their hearts, being once prickt, the humour will quicklie be remoued. O what a braue state of the Church it would be for all Ecclesiasticall causes to come before Weauers and Wierdrawers, to see one in a motlie Ierkin and an apron to reade the first lesson. The poore Church should play at vnequal game, for it should loose al by the *Elder* hand. Nay Mas *Martin*, weele make you deale, shuffle as well as you can, we meane to cut it.

If you had the foddering of the sheepe, you would make the Church like *Primero*, foure religions in it, and nere oue like another. I cannot oue of this gaming humour. Why? Is it not as good as *Martins* dogged humour, who without reuerence, regard, or exception, vseth such vnfitting termes, as were he the greatest subiect in England he could not iustifie them.

Shut the doores (firs) or giue me my skimner,
Martins mouth hath sod vnskimd these twelue months, and now it runnes ouer; yet let him alone, he makes but porridge for the diuell.

blinded

His

Pappe with an hatchet.

His Elderberrines though it bee naught worth,
yet is it like an elderberrie, which being at the ripe-
nes of a perfect black, yet brused staines ones hands
like bloud. They pretending grauitie in the rotten-
nes of their zeale, bee they once wrung, you shall
find them lighter than feathers. Thats a smile for
the slaues. Nay, Ile touch them deeper, and make
them crie, O my hart, there is a false knaue among
vs.

Take away this beard, and giue me a pikede
vaunt, *Martin* sweares by his ten bones: nay, I will
make him mump, mow, and chatter, like old *John*
of *Paris* garden before I leaue him.

If *Martin* will fight Citie fight, wee challenge
him at all weapons, from the taylor's bodkin to the
watchmans brown bill. If a field may be pitch, we
are readie: if they scratch, wee will bring cattes: if
scolde, we will bring women: if multiplie words,
we will bring fooles: if they floute, we will bring
quippes: if dispute the matter, we will bring scho-
lers: if they buffet, we will bring fists. *Densbone*,
what a number of we will brings be here? Nay, we
will bring *Bull* to hang them. A good note & signe
of good lucke, three times motion of *Bull*. Motion
of *Bull*? Why, next olde *Rosses* motion of *Bride-
well*, *Bulls* motion fits them best. *Tria sequantur tria*,
in reckoning *Bull* thrise, me thinkes it should pre-
sage hanging. O bad application! Bad? I doo not
thinke there can be a better, than to applic a knaues
secke to an halter. *Martin* cannot start, I am his
shadowe, one part of the day before him, another
behind

Pappe with an hatchet.

behinde him; I can chalke a knaue on his backe thrice a weeke, Ile let him bloud in the combe.

Take heed, he will pistle thee. Pistle me? Then haue I a pestle so to stampe his pistles, that Ile beate all his wit to powder. What will the powder of *Martins* wit be good for? Marie blowe vp a dram of it into the nostrils of a good Protestant, it will make him giddie; but if you minister it like *Tobacco* to a Puritane, it will make him as mad as a *Martin*.

Go to, a hatch before the doore, *Martin* smells thee, and wil not feare thee; thou knowest how he deales with the Archbishop and a Counseller, hee will name thee and that broadlie. Name me? Mary he and his shall bee namesied, that's it I thirst after, that name to name, and knowing one another, wee may in the streetes grapple; wee except none; wee come with a verse in our mouthes, courage in our hearts, and weapons in our hands, and crie

Discite iustitiam moniti, & non temnere diuos.

Martins conscience hath a periwig; therefore to good men he is more sower than wig: a Lemman will make his conscience curd like a Posset. Now comes a biting speach, let me stroake my beard thrice like a Germain, before I speak a wise word.

Martin, wee are now following after thee with hue and crie, & are hard at thy heeles; if thou turne backe to blade it, wee doubt not but three honest men shall bee able to beate fixe thecues. Weele teach thee to commit sacriledge, and to robbe the Church of xxiiij. Bishops at a blowe. Doeſt thinke that we are not men *Martin*, and haue great men

D

to

Pappe with an hatchet.

to defend vs which write ? Yes, although with thy seditious cloase, thou would'st perswade her Maiestie, that most of the Gentlemen of account and men of honour, were by vs thought Puritanes. No, it is your poore Iohns, that with your painted consciences haue coloured the religion of diuers, spreading through the veynes of the Commonwealth like poyson, the doggednes of your deuotions; which entring in like the smoothnes of oyle into the flesh, fretteth in time like quicksiluer into the bones.

When children play with their meate, tis a signe their bellies are ful, and it must be taken from them; but if they tread it vnder their feete, they ought to be ierkt. The Gospell hath made vs wantons, wee dallie with ceremonies, dispute of circumstances, not remembring that the Papists haue been making roddees for vs this thirtie yeares; wee shall bee swing'd by them, or worse by *Martins*, if *Martins* bee worse. Neuer if it, for they bee worse with a witnesse, and let the diuell be witnesse. We are so nice, that the Cap is a beame in our Church, the booke of Common Praier a millstone, the *Pater noster* is not well pend by Christ. Well, either religion is but policie, or policie scarce religious.

If a Gentleman riding by the way with twentie men, a number of theeves should by deuise or force binde all his seruants; the good Iustice of Peace would thinke he should bee robd. When Martinists rancke robbers of the Church shall binde the legges and armes of the Church, me thinkes the
supreme

Pappe with an hatchet.

supreme head of the Church should looke pale.

They that pull downe the bells of a steeple, and say it is conscience, will blow vp the chauncell to make it the quintessence of conscience. Bir Ladie, this is a good settled speech, a Diuine might haue seemd to haue said so much. O sir, I am not al tales, and riddles, and rimes, and iests, thats but my Liripoope, if *Martin* knocke the bone he shall find marrow, & if he looke for none, wee'le knock the bone on his pate, and bring him on his marie bones.

I haue yet but giuen them a fillip on the conceipt, Ile sell it to the ground hereafter. Nay, if they make their consciences stretch like chiuerell in the raine, Ile make them crumple like parchment in the fire.

I haue an excellent balme to cure anie thar is bitten with *Martin mad-dog*.

I am worth twentie Pistle-penners; let them but chafe my penne, & it shal sweat out a whole realme of paper, or make the odious to the whole Realme.

O but be not partial, giuethem their due though they were diuels, so will I, and excuse them for taking anie monie at interest.

There is a good Ladie that lent one of these *Martinists* fortie pounds, and when at the day shee required her money, *Martin* began to storme, and said, he thought her not the child of God, for they must lend, looking for nothing againe; & so to acquite himself of the blot of vsurie, he kept the principall.

These *Martins* make the Scriptures a Scriueners

Pappe With an hatchet.

shop to draw conueyances, and the common pleas of *Westminster* to take forfeitures. Theyle not stick to out-law a mans soule, and serue it presently with an execution of damnation, if one denie them to lie with his neighbours wife. If they bee drunke, they say, they haue *Timothie* his weake stomacke, which *Saint Paule* willeth to warme with wine.

They haue sifted the holie Bible, and left vs nothing as they say, but branne; they haue boulded it ouer againe and againe, and got themselues the fine meale; tis meale indeede, for with their wresting and shuffling holie VVrit, they finde all themselues good meales, and stand at liuerie as it were, at other mens tables.

Sed heus tu, dic fodes, will they not bee discouraged for the common players? Would those Comedies might be allowed to be plaid that are pend, and then I am sure he would be decyphered, and so perhaps discouraged.

He shall not be brought in as whilom he was, and yet verie well, with a cocks combe, an apes face, a wolfs belly, cats clawes, &c. but in a cap'de cloake, and all the best apparell he ware the highest day in the yeare, thats neither on Christmas day, Good friday, Easter day, Ascension, nor Trinitie funday, (for that were popish) but on some rainie weeke-daie, when the brothers and sisters had appointed a match for particular praiers, a thing as badd at the least as Auricular confession.

A stage plaier, though he be but a cobbler by occupation, yet his chance may bee to play the Kings
part.

Pappe with an hatchet.

part. *Martin*, of what calling so euer he be, can play nothing but the knaues part, *qui tantum constans in knauitate sua est.*

Would it not bee a fine Tragedie, when *Mar-* If it be bewed
at Paules, it
will cost you
foure pence: as
the Theater
two pence: as
Saint Thomas
a Watrings
nothing.
docheus shall play a Bishoppe in a Play, and *Martin*
Hamman, and that hee that seekes to pull downe
those that are set in authoritie about him, should
be hoysted vp on a tree about all other.

Though he play least in sight now, yet we hope
to see him stride from Aldgate to Ludgate, and
looke ouer all the Citie at London Bridge. Soft
swift, he is no traytor. Yes, if it bee treason to en- Reade Martin
Seniors Libell,
and you shall
perceiue that
he is able to
teach Grae-
chus to speake
seditionushe.
courage the Commons against the chiefe of the
Clergie, to make a generall reuolt from the go-
uernment so wel established, so wisely maintained,
and so long prospering.

Because they say, *Aue Caesar*, therefore they
meane nothing against *Caesar*. There may be hid-
den vnder their long gownes, short daggers, and
so in blearing *Caesars* eyes, conspire *Caesars* death.
God saue the *Queene*; why it is the *Que* which
they take from the mouthes of all traytors, who
though they bee thoroughly conuined, both by
prooffe and their owne confessions, yet at the last
gaspe they crie, God saue the *Queene*. GOD saue
the *Queene* (say I) out of their hands, in whose
hearts (long may the *Queene* thus gouerne) is not
engrauen.

Her sacred Maiestie hath this thirtie yeares,
with a settled and princelie temper swayd the
Scepter of this Realme, with no lesse content

Pappe with an hatchet.

of her subiects, than wonder of the world. GOD hath blessed her gouernment, more by miracle than by counsaile, and yet by counsaile as much as can come from policie. Of a state taking such deepe roote, as to bee fastened by the prouidence of God, the vertue of the Prince, the wisdom of Counsellers, the obedience of subiects, and the length of time; who would goe about to shake the lowest bough, that feesles in his conscience but the least blessing. Here is a fit rounge to squeeze them with an Apothegme.

There was an aged man that liued in a well ordered Common-wealth by the space of threescore yeares, and finding at the length that by the heate of some mens braines, and the warmnes of other mens bloud, that newe alterations were in hammering, and that it grewe to such an height, that all the desperat and discontented persons were readie to runne their heads against their head; comming into the midst of these mutiners, cried as loude as his yeares would allowe, Springalls and vnripened youthes, whose wisdomes are yet in the blade; when this snowe shall bee melted (laying his hand on his siluer haires) then shall you find store of durr, and rather wish for the continuance of a long frost, than the comming of an vntinely thaw. He moralize this.

He warrant the good old man meant, that when the ancient gouernment of the state should be altered by faction, or newe lawes brought in that were deuised by nice heads, that there should followe a
foule

Pappe with an hatchet.

foule and slipperie managing; where, if happely most did not fall, yet all would bee tired. A settled raigne is not like glasse mettall, to be blowne in bignesse, length or fashion of euerie mans breath, and breaking to be melted againe, & so blowne afresh; but it is compared to the fastning of the Cedar, that knitteth it selfe with such wreaths into the earth, that it cannot be remooued by anie violent force of the aire.

Martin, I haue taken an inuentorie of all thy viciuill and rakehell tearmes, and could sute them in no place but in Bedlam and Bridewell, so mad they are, and so bad they are, and yet all proceeds of the spirit. I thinke thou art posselt with the spirites of *Iacke Straw* & the Black-smith, who, so they might rent in peeces the gouernment, they would drawe cutts for religion.

If all be conscience, let conscience bee the foundation of your building, not the glasse, shew effects of conscience, mildnesse in spirit, obedience to Magistrates, loue to thy brethren. Stitch charitie to thy faith, or rip faith from thy works.

If thou wilt deale soberlie without scoffes, thou shalt be answered grauely without iests, yea and of those, whom thou canst not controll for learning, nor accuse for ill life, nor shouldst contemne for authoritie. But if like a restie Iade thou wilt take the bitt in thy mouth, and then runne ouer hedge and ditch, thou shalt be brokē as *Prosper* broke his horses, with a muzroule, a portmouth, and a martin-gall, and so haue thy head runne against a stone wal,

If

Pappe with an hatchet.

If thou refuse learning, and sticke to libelling; if nothing come out of those lauish lipps, but taunts not without bitternesse, yet without wit; rayling not without spite, yet without cause, then giue me thy hand, thou and I will trie it out at the cucking-stoole. Ile make thee to forget Bishops English, and weep Irish; next hanging there is no better reuenge on *Martin*, thā to make him crie for anger; for there is no more fullé beast, than a he drab. Ile make him pul his powting cros-cloath ouer his beetle browes for melancholie, and then my next booke, shall bee *Martin* in his mubble fubbles.

HERE I was writing *Finis* and *Funis*, and determined to lay it by, till I might see more knauerie filde in: within a while appeared olde *Martin* with a wit worn into the socket, twinkling and pinking like the snuffe of a candle; *quantum mutatus ab illo*, how vnlike the knaue he was before, not for malice but for sharpnesse.

The hogshhead was euen come to the hauncing, and nothing could be drawn from him but dregs: yet the emptie caske sounds lowder than when it was full; and protests more in his waining, than he could performe in his waxing. I drew neere the fillic soule, whome I found quiuering in two sheetes of protestation paper. O how meager and leane hee lookt, so creast falne, that his combe hung downe to his bill, and had I not been sure it was the picture of enuie, I shoulde haue sworne it

Pappe With an hatchet.

that thinking to rap out an oath and sweare by his conscience, mistooke the word and swore by his concupiscence; not vnlike the theefe, that in stead of God speede, sayd stand, and so tooke a purse for a God morowe.

Yet dooth *Martin* hope that all her Maiesties best subiects will become Martinists; a blister of that tongue as bigge as a drummes head; for if the *Queenes* Maiestie haue such abiects for her best subiects, let all true subiects be accompted abiects.

They that teare the boughs, will hew at the tree, and hauing once wet their secte in factions, will not care how deepe they wade in treason.

After *Martin* hath racked ouer his protestation with a lades pace, hee runnes ouer his fooleries with a knaues gallop, ripping vp the souterlie seames of his Epistle, botching in such frize iestes vppon fustion earnest, that eue seeing all sortes of his shredde, would thinke hee had robd a taylors shoppe boord; and then hee concludes all doggedlie, with Doctor *Bullens* dogge *Spring*, not remembring that there is not a better Spannell in England to spring a coule of queanes than *Martin*.

Hee flines one, has a sling at another, a long tale of his talboothe, of a vulnerall sermon, and of a fooles head in souce. This is the Epistle which he woonders at himselfe, and like an olde Ape hugges the Vrchin so in his conceipt, as though

Pappe with an hatchet.

it should shew vs some new tricks ouer the chaine, neuer wish it published *Martin*, we pittie it before it comes out. Trusse vp thy packet of flim flams, & roage to some countrey Faire, or read it among boyes in the belfrie, neuer trouble the church with chattering; but if like dawes, you will be cawing about Churches, build your nests in the steeple, de-file not the quier.

Martin writes merely, because (hee saies) people are carried away sooner with iest than earnest. I, but *Martin* neuer put Religion into a fooles coate; there is great oddes betweene a Gospeller, and a Libeller.

If thy vaine bee so pleasaunt, and thy witt so so nimble, that all consists in glicks and girds; pen some play for the Theater, write some ballads for blinde *Dauid* and his boy, deuise some iests, & become another *Scogen*; so shalt thou haue vêt inough for all thy vanities, thy Printer shall purchase, and all other iesters beg.

For to giue thee thy due, thou art the best died foole in graine that euer was, and all other fooles lacke manie graines, to make them so heauie.

There is not such a mad foole in Bedlam, nor such a baudie foole in Bridewell, nor such a drunken foole in the stocks, nor such a scolding foole on the cuckingstoole, nor such a cosening foole on the pillerie, nor such a roaging foole in the houses of correction, nor such a simple foole kept of alms, nor such a lame foole lying in the spittle, nor in all the world, such a foole, all. Nay for fooles set down
in

Pappe with an hatchet.

in the scriptures, none such as *Martin*.

What atheist more foole, that saies in his heart, *There is no God*? What foole more proud, that stands in his own conceit? What foole more covetous than he, that seekes to tedd abroad the Churches goods with a forke, and scratch it to himselfe with a rake.

Thou seest *Martin* with a little helpe, to the foure & twentie orders of knaues, thou maist solder the foure and twentie orders of fooles, and so because thou saist thou art vnmarried, thou maist commit matrimonie, from the heires of whose incest, wee will say that which you cannot abide, *Good Lord deliuer vs.*

If this veyne bleede but sixe ounces more, I shall proue a pretie railer, and so in time may growe to bee a proper Martinist. Tush, I doo but licke ouer my pamphlet, like a Beares whelpe, to bring it in some forme; by that time he replies, it will haue clawes and teeth, and then let him looke to bee scratcht and bitten too.

Thou seest *Martin* Moldwarpe, that hetherto I haue named none, but markt them readie for the next market: if thou proceed in naming, be as sure as thy shirt to thy knaues skinne, that Ile name such, as though thou canst not blush, because thou art past shame, yet they shall bee sorie, because they are not all without grace.

Pasquil is comming out with the liues of the Saints. Beware my Comment, tis odds the margent shall be as full as the text. I haue manie sequences

Pappe With an hatchet.

of Saints; if naming be the aduantage, & ripping vp
of lues make sport, haue with thee knuckle deép,
it shal neuer be said that I dare not vëter mine eares,
where *Martin* hazards his necke.

Now me thinkes *Martin* begins to stretch him-
selfe like an old fencer, with a great conscience for
a buckler, and a long tongue for a sword. Lie close
you old cutter at the locke, *Nam mihi sunt vires, &
meatela nocent.* Tis odds but that I shall thrust thee
through the buckler into the brain, that is through
the conscience into the wit.

If thou sue me for a double maim, I care not
though the Iuric allow thee treble damages, it can-
not amoût to much, because thy conscience is with
out wit, and thy wit without conscience, & there-
fore both, not worth a penie.

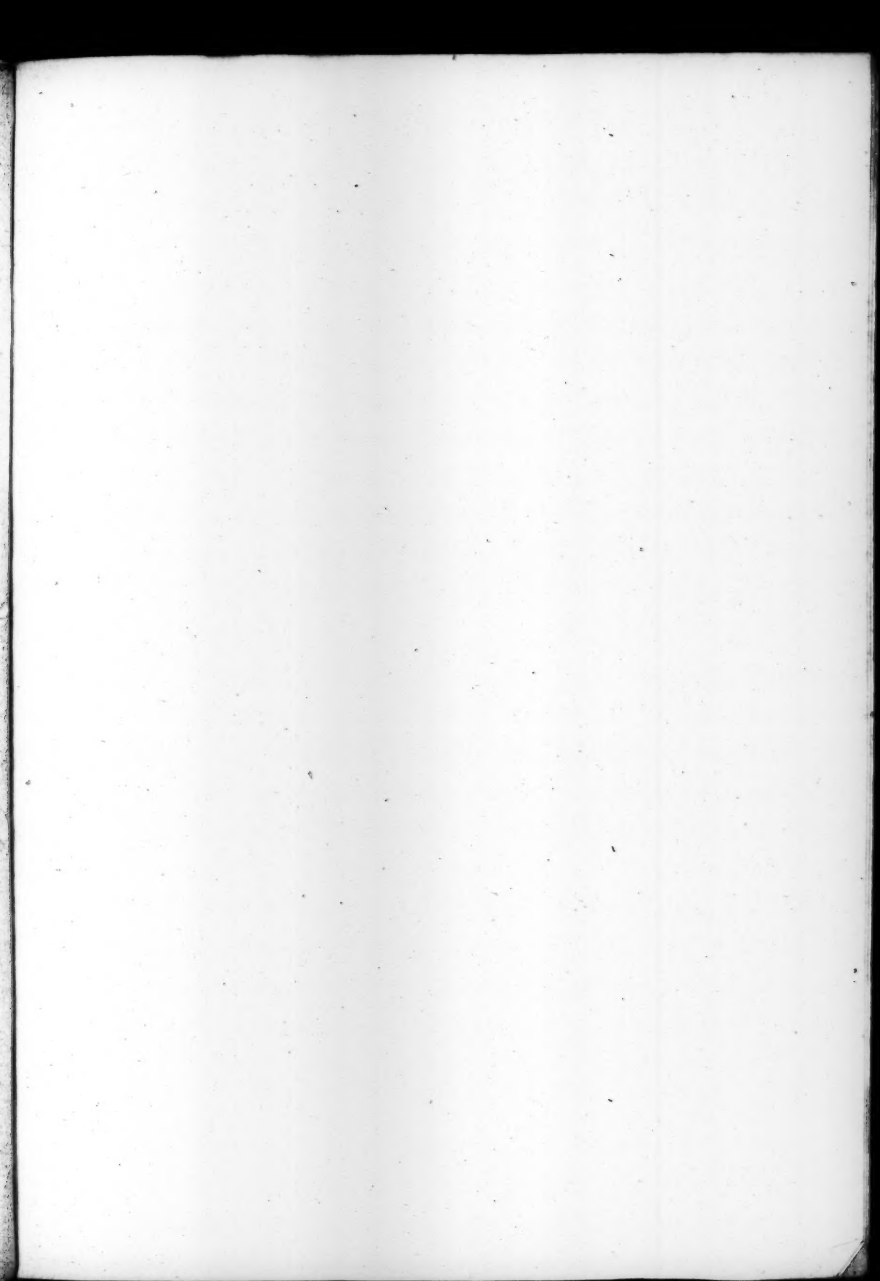
Therefore take this for the first venew, of a
younger brother, that meanes to drie beate those of
the Elder house. *Martin* this is my last straine for
this fiece of mirth. I began with God morrowe,
and bid you God night. I must tune my fiddle, and
fetch some more rozen, that it may squeake out
Martins Marachine.

FINIS.

*Candidissimi Lectores, peto terminum ad libel-
landum.*

Lectores

Assignamus in proximum.





Pappe with an hatchet.

Alias,

A figge for my God sonne.

Or

Cracke me this nut.

Or

*A Countrie cusse, that is, a sound boxe of the
care, for the idiot Martin to hold his peace,
seeing the patch will take no
warning.*

*Written by one that dares call a dog, a dog;
and made to prevent Martins dog daies.*

*Imprinted by Iohn Anoke, and Iohn Asile, for the
Bayliue of Withernam, cum privilegio perennita-
tis, and are to bee sold at the signe of the
crab tree cudgell in thwack-
coate lane.*

A sentence.

I

Martin hangs fit for my mowing.





To the Father and
the two Sonnes, Huffle, Ruffe,
and Snuffe, the three tame ruffians
of the Church, which take pepper
in the nose, because they can
not marre Prelates
grating.



Oome for a royster; so that
well sayd, itch a little further
for a good fellowe. Now haue
at you all my gassers of the
rayling religion, tis I that
must take you a peg lower. I am sure you looke
for more worke, you shall haue wood enough
to cleaue, make your tongue the wedge, and
your head the beetle, Ile make such a splinter
runne into your wits, as shal make the rancle
till you become fooles. Nay, if you shoot bookes
like

like fooles bolts, ffe be so bold as to make your iudgements quiver with my thunderbolts. If you meane to gather clowdes in the Commonwealth, to threaten tempests, for your flakes of snowe wee le pay you with stones of haile; if with an Easterlie winde you bly. *Ca.* pillars into the Church, with a Northerne wind wee le drive barrennes in your wits.

W e care not for a Scottissh mist, though it wet vs to the skin, you shal be sure your cocks-combs shal not be mist, but pearst to the skuls. I professe rayling, and think it as good a cudgell for a Martin, as a stone for a dogge, or a whippe for an Ape, or payson for a rat.

Yet find fault with no broad termes, for I haue mesured yours with mine, & I find yours broader iust by the list. Say not my speeches are light, for I haue weighed yours and mine, and I finde yours lighter by twentie graines than the allowance. For number you excede, for you haue thirtie ribauld words for my one, and yet you beare a good spirit. I was loath so to write as I haue done, but that I learnde, that he that drinckes with cutters, must not be
with-

3
without his ale dagger; nor bee that buckles
with Martin, without his lawish termes.

VVha would carrie an Asse with an Iuorie combe? giue the beast thistles for prouender. I doo but yet angle with a silken flye, to see whether Martins will nibble; and if I see that, why then I haue wormes for the nonce, and will giue them line enough like a trowte, till they swallow both hooke and line, and then Martin beware your gilles, for I le make you daunce at the poles end.

I knowe Martin will with a trice bestride my shoulders. VVell, if he ride me, let the foole sit fast, for my wit is verie kickish; which if he spurre with his copper reple, when it bleedes, it will all to besmeare their consciences.

If a Martin can play at chestes, as well as the nephewe his ape, he shall knowe what it is for a scaddle pawne, to crosse a Bishop in his owne walke. Such dydoppers must be taken vp, els theile not stick to check the king. Rip vp my life, discipher my name, fill thy answer as full of lies as of lines, swel like a toade, hisse like an adder, bite like a dog, & chatter like a monkey.

4
my pen is prepared and my minde; and if yee
chaunce to finde any worse words than you
brought, let them be put in your dads dictio-
narie. And so fare well, and be hangd, and I
pray God ye fare no worse.

Tours at an houres warning
Double V.

To

To the indifferent Reader.



It is high time to search in what corner of the Church the fire is kindled, being crept so far, as that with the verie smoke the consciences of diuers are smothered. It is found that certaine Martins, if no miscreants in religion (which wee may suspect) yet without doubt malecōsents (which wee ought to feare) haue throwen fire, not into the Church porch, but into the Channell, and though not able by learning and iudgement to displace a Sexton, yet seeke to remooue Bishops. They haue scattered diuers libels, all so taunting and slanderous, as it is hard to iudge, whether their lies exceed their bitterness or their bitterness their fables.

If they be answered by the grauitie of learned Prelates, they presently reply with railings; which argueth their intent to be as farre frō the truth of deuotion, as their writings from mildnes of spirit. It is said that camels neuer drinke, til they haue troubled the water with their fete. & it seemes these I Martins cannot carouse the sapp of the Church, till by faction they make tumults in religion. Seeing the either they expect no graue replie, or that they are settled with railing to repa, I thought it more conuenient, to giue them a whiske with my owne wand, than to haue them spurrd with deeper learning.

The Scythian slaues, though they bee vp in armes, must bee taxt de with whippes, not swords, and these mutiners in Church matters, must haue their moutbes bungd with iests, not arguments.

I seldome vse to writte, and yet neuer writt anie thing, that in speech might seeme vndecent, or in sense vn honest; if here I haue used bad tearmes, it is because they are not to bee answered with good tearmes: for whatseuer shall seeme lauish in this Pamphlet, let it be thought borrowed of Martins language.

To the Reader.

guage. These Martins were hatcht of addle egges, els could they not haue such idle heads. They measure conscience by their owne yard, and like the sheenes, that had an yron bed, in which all that were too long they would cut enen, all that were too short they would stretch out, and none escape unrackt or unsawed, that were not iust of their beds length: so all that are not Martins, that is, of their peenish mind, must be measured by them. If he come short of their religion, why he is but a colde Protestant, hee must bee pluckt out to the length of a Puritane. If any be more deuout than they are, as to giue almes, fast, and pray, then they cut him off close by the workes, and say he is a Papist. If one be not cast in Martins mould, his religion must needs mould. He saith he is a Courtier, I thinke no Courtier so peruerse, that seeing the streight rule of the Church, would goe about to bend it. It may be he is some Iester about the Court, and of that I meruaile, because I know all the fooles there, and yet cannot gesse at him. What euer he be, if his conscience be pind to his cognizance, I will account him more politicke than religious, and more dangerous for ciuill brayles, than the Spaniard for an open warre. I am ignorant of Martin and his maintainer, but my conscience is my warrant, to care for neither. For I knowe there is none of honour so carelesse, nor any in zeale so peenish, nor of nature any so barbarous, that wil succor those that be suckers of the Church, a thing against God and policie; against God, in subuerting religion; against policie, in altering gouernment, making in the Church, the feast of the Lapithes, where all shall bee throwne on anothers head, because euery one would be the head, and these it is high time to tread vnder foote: for who, could not make a threshold of those, that go about to make the Church a barne to thresh in. Itaque sic disputo.

FINIS.



Pappe with an hatcher.



Ood morrow, goodman *Martin*,
good morrow : will ye anie mu-
lique this morning ? What fast a
leepe ? Nay faith, Ile cram thee
til I wake thee. *O whose tat ?* Nay
gesse olde knaue and odd knaue:
for Ile neuer leaue pulling, til I haue thee out of thy
bed into the streete; and then all shal see who thou
art, and thou know what I am.

Your knaueship brake your fast on the Bishops,
by breaking your iests on them: but take heed you
breake not your owne necke. Bastard *Junior* dinde
vpon them, and cramde his maw as full of mallice,
as his head was of malapertnesse. Bastard *Senior*
was with them at supper, and I thinke tooke a sur-
fet of colde and rawe quipps. O what queasie girds
were they towards the fall of the leafe. Old *Martin*,
neuer entaile thy wit to the eldest, for hee'le
spend all he hath in a quire of paper.

) Now sirs, knowing your bellies full of Bishops
bobbs, I am sure your bones would be at rest : but
wee'le set vp all our rests, to make you all restie. I
was once determined to write a proper new Bal-
let, entituled *Martin and his Maukin*, to no tune, be-
cause

Pappe with an halcker.

*Hee sweares by
his mazer,
that he will
make their
wits wetshad,
if the ale haue
his swift cur-
rent.*

cause *Martin* was out of all tune. *Ellethen* swore hee had times lying a steepe in ale, which should matre all your reasons: there is an olde hacker that shall take order for to print them. O how hee'le cut it, when his ballets come out of the lungs of the licour. They shall be better than those of *Bonner*, or the ierkes for a Iesuit. The first begins, Come tit me come tat me, come throw a halter at me.

Then I thought to touch *Martin* with Logick, but there was a little wag in *Cambridge*, that swore by *Saint Seaton*, he would so swinge him with Sillogismes, that all *Martins* answeres should ake. The vile boy hath manie bobbes, and a whole fardle of fallacies. He begins,

Linguo coax ramis, cros cernis, vanaque ramis.

Ad Logicam pergo, quæ Mart'ins non timet ergo.

And saies, he will ergo *Martin* into an ague. I haue read but one of his arguments.

Tiburne stands in the cold,

But Martins are a warme furre:

Therefore Tiburne must be furd with

Martins.

O (quoth I) boy thou wilt be shamed: tis neither in moode nor figure: all the better for I am in a moode to cast a figure, that shall bring them to the conclusion. I laught at the boye, and left him drawing all the lines of *Martin* into sillogismes, euefic conclusion beeing this, *Ergo Martin* is to bee hangd.

Nay,

Pappe with an hatchet.

Nay, if rime and reason bee both forestalde, Ile raile, if *Martin* haue not barreld vp all rakehell words: if he haue, what care I to knocke him on the head with his owne hatchet. He hath taken vp all the words for his obscenitie: obscenitie? Nay, now I am too nice: squirrilitie were a better word: well, let me alone to squirrell them.

Martin, thinkst thou, thou hast so good a wit, as none can outwrangle thee? Yes *Martin*, wee wil play three a vies wits: art thou so backt that none dare blade it with thee? Yes *Martin*, we will drop vie stabbes. *Martin* sweares I am some gamester. Why, is not gaming lawful? I know where there is more play in the compasse of an Hospitall, than in the circuite of *Westchester*. One hath been an old stabber at passage: the One that I meane, thrust a knife into ones thigh at *Cambridge*, the quarrel was about cater-tray, and euer since he hath quarrelled about cater-caps.

I thought that hee which thrust at the bodie in game, would one daie cast a foyne at the soule in earnest. But hee workes closelie and sees all, hee learnd that of old *Vydgin* the cobbler, who wrought ten yeares with spectacles, and yet swore he could see through a dicker of leather. He hath a wanton spleene, but we will haue it stroakt with a spurne, because his eies are bleard, he thinkes to bleare all ours: but let him take this for a warning, or else looke for such a warning, as shall make all his deuices as like wood, as his spittle is like woodfere. Take away the Sacke, and giue him some Cina-

Pappe with an hatchet.

mom-water, his conscience hath a colde stomach.
Cold? Thou art deceiued, twill digest a Cathedrall
Church as easilie, as an Estritch a two penie naile.

But soft *Martins*, did your father die at the
Groyn? It was well groapt at, for I knewe him
sicke of a paine in the groyn. A pockes of that re-
ligion, (quoth *Julian Grimes* to her Father) when al
his haire fell off on the sodaine. Well, let the old
knaue be dead. Why are not the spawnes of such
a dog-fish hangd? Hang a spawne? drowne it, all is
one, damne it.

Yee like not a Bishops rochet, when all your fa-
thers handkerchers were made of his sweete harts
smocke. That made you bastards, and your dad a
cuckold, whose head is swolne so big, that he had
neede sende to the cooper to make him a biggin:
and now you talke of a cooper, He tell you a tale of
a tubb.

At *Sudburie*, where the Martin-môgers swarmed
to a lecture, like beares to a honnie pot; a good ho-
nest strippling, of the age of fiftie yeares or therea-
bout, that could haue done a worse act if compa-
nie had not been neere, askt his sweete sister, whe-
ther lecherie in her conscience were a sinne? In
faith (quoth she) I thinke it the superficies of sinne,
and no harme if the tearmes be not abusde, for you
must say, vertuously done, not lustily done. Fie, this
is filthie ribaldrie. O sir, ther is no mirth without ri-
baldrie, nor ribaldry without *Martin*, ask mine ho-
stesse of the iuie bush in *Wye* for the one, & my olde
hostesse of the Swanne in *Warwicke* for the other.

She

Pappe with an hatchet.

She is dead: the diuell she is. You are too broade They are not
with *Martins* brood: for he hath a hundred thou- so manie, they
sand that will set their hands to his Articles, and are all Centi-
shewe the *Queene*. Sweeter and sweeter: for wee mani, an hun-
haue twentie hundred thousand hands to with- dred hands a
stand them. I would it were come to the graspe, we pette: so that
would show them an Irish tricke, that when they in all they are
sand. but one thou-
thinke to winne the game with one man, wee'le
make them hold out till wee haue but two left to
carrie them to the gallowes: wel followed in faith,
for thou saidst thou wert a gamester. All this is but
bad English, when wilt thou come to a stile? *Martin*
hath manie good words. Manie? Now you put
me in mind of the matter, there is a booke coming
out of a hundred merrie tales, and the petigree of
Martin fetcht from the burning of *Sodome*, his
armes shalbe set on his hearse, for we are prouiding
his funerall, and for the winter nights the tales shall
be told *secundum vsum Sarum*: the Deane of *Salisbu-*
rie can tell twentie. If this will not make *Martin*
mad, malicious and melancholie (ô braue letter fol-
lowed with a full crie) then will we be desperate,
& hire one that shall so translate you out of French
into English, that you will blush, and lie by it. And
one will wee coniure vp, that writing a familiar E-
pistle about the naturall causes of an Earthquake,
fell into the bowells of libelling, which made his
eares quake for feare of clipping, he shall tickle you
with taunts: all his works bound close, are at least
sixe sheetes in quarto, & he calls them the first tome
of his familiar Epistle: hee is full of latin ends, and

Pappe with an butcher.

worth tennē of those that crie in London, *haie ye a-
pie gold ends to sell.* If he giue you a bob, though he
drawe no bloud, yet are you sure of a rap with a
babe. If he ioyne with vs, *perijſſi Martin*, thy wit
will be massacred: if the roy take him to close with
thee, then haue I my wish, for this tennē yeres haue
I lookt to lambacke him. Nay he is a mad lad, and
such a one as cares as little for writing without
wit, as *Martin* doth for writing without honestie;
a notable coach companion for *Martin*, to drawe
Diuinitie from the Colledges of Oxford and Cam-
bridge, to Shoemakers hall in Sainct *Martins*. But
we neither feare *Martin*, nor the foot-cloth, nor the
beast that wears it, be he horse or asse; nor whose
sonne he is, be he *Martins*, sonne, *Iohns*, sonne, or *Ri-
chards*, sonne; nor of what occupation he be, be a
ship-wright, cart-wright, or tibur-wright. If they
bring seuen hundred men, they shall be boxt with
fourteen hundred boyes. Nay we are growing to
a secret bargaine. O, but I forgate a riddle; *the more
it is spied, the lesse it is seene.* Thats the Sunne: the lesse
it is spied of vs, the more it is seene of those vnder
vs. The Sunne? thou art an asse, it is the Father,
for the old knaue, thinking by his bastardie to co-
uer his owne head, putteth it like a stagge over the
pale. Pale? nay I will make him blush as red as
ones nose, that was alwaies washt in well water.

What newes from the Heraldes? Tush, thats
time enough to know to morrow, for the sermon
is not yet cast. The sermon foole? why they neuer
studie, but cleaue to Christ his *dabitur in illa hora.*

They

Pappe with an hatchet.

They venter to catch soules, as they were soles;
Doctors are but dunces, none sowes true stitches in
a pulpet, but a shoemaker.

Faith, thou wilt bee caught by the stile. What
care I to be found by a stile, when so many *Martins* *Martin Junior*
says, hee found
his fathers pa-
pers vnder a
bush, the knave
was starved frō
his Fournie.
haue been taken vnder an hedge? If they cannot le-
uell, they will roue at thee, and anatomize thy life
from the cradle to the graue, and thy bodie from
the corne on thy toe, to the crochet on thy head.
They bee as cunning in cutting vp an honest mans
credit, as *Bull* in quartering a knaues bodie. Tush,
(what care I) is my posie; if hee meddle with mee,
He make his braines so hot that they shall crumble,
and rattle in his warpt scull, like pepper in a dride
bladder.

I haue a catalogue of al the sheepe, and it shall go
hard, but I will crosse the bel-weather. Why shuld
I feare him that walkes on his neats-feete. Neither
court, nor countrie that shalbe free, I am like death,
He spare none. There shall not misse a name of anie,
that had a Godfather; if anie bec vnchristened, He
nicke him with a name.

But whist; beware an action of the case. Then
put this for the case, whether it bee not as lawfull to
set downe the facts of knaues, as for a knaue to
slander honest men. Alls as it is taken; marie the
dinell take al, if truth find not as many soft cushions
to leane on, as trecherie.

/ Theres one with a lame wit, which will not
weare a foure cornerd cap, then let him put on Ti-
burne, that hath but three corners; & yet the knaue
himselfe,

Pappe with an hatchet.

himselfe, hath a pretie wench in euerie corner.

*He calls none
but the heauens
to witness.*

I could tickle *Martin* with a true tale of one of his sonnes, that hauing the companie of one of his sisters in the open fieldes, saide, hee would not smooother vp sinne, and deale in hugger mugger against his Conscience. In the hundred merrie tales, the places, the times, the witnesses and all, shall be put downe to the prooffe, where I warrant you, the *Martinists* haue consciences of prooffe. Doeſt think *Martin*, thou canst not be discouered? VVhat foole would not thinke him discouered that is balde? Put on your night cap, and your holie day English, and the best wit you haue for high daies, all wil be little enough to keepe you from a knaues penance, though as yet you bee in a fooles paradise. If you coyne words, as *Cankerburie*, *Canterburines*, &c. why, I knowe a foole that shall so inkhornize you with straunge phrases, that you shall blush at your own bodes. For Similes, theres another shall liken thee to any thing, besides he can raile too. If *Martin* muzzle not his mouth, and manacle his hands, Ile blabb all, and not sticke to tell, that pewes and stewes, are rime in their religion.

Scratch not thy head *Martin*, for bethou *Martin* the bird, or *Martin* the beast; a bird with the longest bill, or a beast with the longest eares, theres a net spread for your necke. *Martin* Ile tell thee a tale woorth twelue pence, if thy witt bee woorth a pennie.

There came to a Duke in *Italy*, a large lubber and a beggerlie, saying hee had the Philosophers Stone,

Pappe with an hatcher.

Stone, and that hee could make golde faster, than the Duke could spend it; The Duke askt him, why hee made none to mainteine himselfe? Because quoth he, I could netter get a secret place to worke in; for once I endeouored, and the Popes holinesse sent for me, whom if he had caught, I should haue been a prentice to mainteine his pride. The Duke minding to make triall of his cunning, and eager of gold, set him to worke closelie in a vault, where it it was not knowen to his neereft seruants. This Alcumist, in short time consumed two thousand pound of the Dukes gold, and brought him halfe a ducket: why (quoth the Duke) is this all? All quoth he my Lord, that I could make by Art. Wel said the Duke, then shalt thou see my cunning; for I will boile thee, straine thee, and then drie thee, so that of a lubber, that weighed three hundred weight, I will at last make a dram of knaues powder. The Duke did it.

Martin, if thou to coulsen haue crept into the bosome of some great mē, saying thou hast the churches discipline, & that thou canst by thy faction & pollicie, pull down Bishops and set vp Elders, bring the lands of the Clergie, into the cosers of the Temporaltie, and repaire Religion, by impairing their liuings; it may be, thou shalt bee hearkened too, stroakt on the head, greasd in the hand, fed daintelie, kept secretlie, and countenaunct mightelie. But when they perceiue, that all thy deuices bee but *Chymeraes*, monsters of thine owne imaginations, so farre from pulling downe a Cathedrall Church,

Pappe with an hatchet.

*Martin & his
maintainer
are both saw-
ers of timber,
but Martin
stands in the
pit, all the dust
must fall in his
eyes, but he shall
never walke on
the boards.*

that they cannot remoue a corner of a square cap, the will they deale with thee, as the Duke did with the Alcumist, giue thee as many bobs on the eare, as thou hast eaten morsels of their meate, and make thee an example of sedition to be pointed at, that art now so mewde vp; that none can point where thou art. All this tale, with the application, was not of my penning, but found among loose papers; marry he that did it, dares stand to it. Now, because I haue nothing to doo betweene this and supper, Ile tell you another tale, and so begin Winter by time.

There was a libeller, who was also a coniuier, so that whatsoeuer casting of figures there was, he decoiued them; at the last, one as cunning as himself, shewed, wher he sate writing in a fooles coate, & so he was caught and whipt. *Martin*, there are figures a flinging, and ten to one, thou wilt be fouled sitting in a Knaues skinne, and so be hangd.

Hollow there, giue me the beard I wore yesterday. O beware of a gray beard, and a balde head: for if such a one doo but nod, it is right dudgin and deepe discretion. But softe, I must now make a graue speech.

There is small difference between Swallowes & Martins, either in shape or nature, saue onely, that the Martins, haue a more beetle head, they both breed in Churches, and hauing fledgde their young ones, leaue nothing behind them but dirt. Vnworthish to come into the Church porch, or to be nourished vnder anie good mans Eues, that gnawe the bowels, in which they were bred, and defile the place,

Pappe with an hatchet.

place, in which they were ingendred.

They studie to pull downe Bishoppes, and sett vp Superintendants, which is nothing else, but to raze out good Greeke, & enterline bad Latine. A fine period, but I cannot continue this stile, let me fall into my olde vaine. O doost remember, how that Bastard *Iunior* complaines of brothels, and talkes of long *Megg* of *Westminster*. A craftie iacke, you thought because you twitted *Marmartin*, that none would suspect you; yes faith *Martin*, you shall bee threft with your owne flail.

It was one of your nest, that writt this for a loue letter to as honest a womā as euer burnt malt. *Grace mercie and peace to thee (O widow) with seruent motions of the spirit, that it may work in thee both to will & to doo. Thou knowest my loue to thee is, as Pauls was to the Corinthians; that is the loue of copulation.*

*Hee thought
Lais had first
lien at Corinth
as well as Paul.*

How now holy *Martin*, is this good wooing? If you prophane the Scriptures, it is a pretie wit; if we but alledge Doctors to expound them, we are wicked. If *Martin* oppresse his neighbour, why he saith, it is his conscience; if anie else doo right, it is extremitie. *Martin* may better go into a brothell house, then anie other goe by it; he slides into a bad place like the Sunne, all others sticke in it like pitch. If *Martin* speake broad bawdrie, why all the true saies, your worshippe is passing merrie. *Martin* will not sweare, but with In deede, In sooth, and In truth, hee'll cogge the dye of deceipt, and cutte at the humme-card of his conscience. O sweetely

Pappe With an butcher.

brought in, at least three figures in that line, besides the wit ane.

One there was, and such a one as *Martin* would make the eldest of his Elders, that hauing fortie angels sent him for a beneuolence, refusde to giue the poore fellowe a quittance for the receipt, saying Christ had giuen his master a quittance, the same howre he told it out: & this was at his table, where he sate, with no lesse than fortie good dishes of the greatest dainties, in more pomp than a Pope, right like a superintendant.

Now to the two bastards, what were you twins? It shuld seeme so, for there wēt but a paire of sheers betweene your knaueries. When the olde henne hatcht such eggs, the diuel was in the cocks-comb. Your father thrusts you forward, remember pettie *Martins*, As *sops* crab, the mother going backward, exhorted her sonnes to goe forward, doo you so first mother quoth they, and we will follow. Now the old cuckold hath puld in his hornes, he would make you creepe cleane out of the shell, & so both loose your houses, and shewe your nakednesse. You go about impossibilities, wele no such chāge, and if ye had it, ye would be wearie of it.

There was a man like *Martin*, that had a goose, which euerie daie laid him a golden egge; he not content with the blessing, kilde his goose, thinking to haue a myne of golde in her bellie, and finding nothing but dung, the gāder wisht his goose aliue. *Martinists* that liue well by the Church, & receiue great benefites of it, thinke if all Churches were
downe

Pappe with an hatchet.

downe, they should be much better: but when they shall see cōfution in stead of discipline, & atheisme to be found in place of doctrine, will they not with sighes wish the Churches & Bishops in their worst gouernmēt? Thou art well seen in tales, & preacheſt *Afops Fables*. Tush, Ile bring in *Pueriles*, and *Stans puer ad mensam*, for such vnmannerlie knaues as *Martin*, must bee set againe to their A. B. C. and learne to spell *Our Father* in a Horne booke. *Martin Iunior* giues warning that none write against reuerend *Martin*: yes, there are *a tribus ad centum*, from three to an hūdred, that haue vowed to write him out of his right wittes, and we are all *Aptors* in all cases alike, till we haue brought *Martin* to the ablatiue case, that is, to bee taken away with *Bul* voyder.

O here were a notable full point, to leaue *Martin* in the hangmans apron. Nay, he would be glad to scape with hanging, wee le first haue him lasht through the Realme with cordes, that when he comes to the gallowes, he may be bleeding newe.

The babie comes in with *Nunka*, *Neame*, and *Dad*, (pappe with an hatchet for such a puppie) giue the infant a bibbe, he all to bestauers his mother tongue, if he driuell so at the mouth and nose, wee le haue him wipte with a hempen wispe. *Hui?* How often hast thou talkt of halstring? Why it runnes still in my mind that they must bee hangd. Hangd is the Que, and it comes iust to my purpose.

There was one endited at a Taile deliuerie of felonie,

Pappe with an hatchet.

lonic, for taking vp an halter by the high way. The Iurie gaue verdit and sayd guiltie. The Iudge an honest man, said it was hard to find one guiltie for taking vp a penie halter, and bad them consider what it was to cast away a man. Quoth the foreman, we haue enquired thoroughly, and found there was a horse tied to the halter. I (marie quoth the Iudge) then let him be tied to the halter, and let the horse goe home. *Martin*, a Monarch in his owne moyst conceit, and drie counsell, saies he is enuied onelie, because he leuelleth at Bishops, and wee say as the Iudge saith, that if there were nothing els, it were hard to persecute them to death; but when we finde that to the rule of the Church, the whole state of the Realme is linckt, & that they filching away Bishop by Bishop, seeke to fish for the Crown, and glew to their new Church, their owne conclusions, we must then say, let Bishops stand, & they hang; that is, goe home. Looke how many tales are in this booke, so many must you abate of an hundred in the next booke, reckon this for one.

There came by of late a good honest Minister, with a cloake hauing sleeues: ah (quoth a *Martinist*, sitting on a bulke in Cheapside) he is a knaue I warrant you, a claspe would become one of his coate to claspe his cloak vnder his chinne. Where tis to be noted, that they come in with a sleeuelesse conscience, and thinke it no good doctrine, which is not preached with the cloak cast ouer each shoulder like a rippier.

Twas a mad knaue and a *Martinist*, that diuided his

Pappe with an hatchet.

his sermon into 34. parts for memorie sake, and would handle but foure for memorie sake, and they were, why Christ came, wherefore Christ came, for what cause Christ came, and to what end Christ came; this was al for memorie sake. If so that *Martin* could thatch vp his Church, this mans scabship should bee an Elder, and Elders they may be, which being fullest of spungie pith, proue euer the driest kixes. For in time you shall see, that it is but a bladder of worldly winde which swells in their hearts, being once prickt, the humour will quicklie be removed. O what a braue state of the Church it would be for all Ecclesiasticall causes to come before Weauers and Wierdrawers, to see one in a motlie Ierkin and an apron to reade the first lesſon. The poore Church should play at vnequal game, for it should loose al by the *Elder* hand. Nay Mas *Martin*, weele make you deale, shuffle as well as you can, we meane to cut it.

If you had the soddring of the sheepe, you would make the Church like *Primero*, foure religions in it, and nere one like another. I cannot out of this gaming humour. Why? Is it not as good as *Martins* dogged humour, who without reuerence, regard, or exception, vseth such vnfitting termes, as were he the greatestt subiect in England he could not iustifie them.

Shut the doores (sirs) or giue me my skimmer, *Martins* mouth hath sod vnskind these twelue months, and now it runnes ouer; yet let him alone, he makes but porredge for the diuell.

brinded

His

Pappe with an hatchet.

His Elderberrines though it bee naught worth,
yet is it like an elderberrie, which being at the ripe-
nes of a perfect black, yet brused stains ones hands
like bloud. They pretending grauitie in the rotten-
nes of their zeale, bee they once wrung, you shall
find them lighter than feathers. Thats a smile for
the slaues. Nay, Ile touch them deeper, and make
them crie, O my hart, there is a false knaue among
vs.

Take away this beard, and giue me a piked
vaunt, *Martin* sweares by his ten bones: nay, I will
make him mump, mow, and chatter, like old Iohn
of Paris garden before I leaue him.

If *Martin* will fight Citie fight, wee challenge
him at all weapons, from the taylors bodkin to the
watchmans brown bill. If a field may be pitcht we
are readie: if they scratch, wee will bring cattes: if
scolde, we will bring women: if multiplie words,
we will bring fooles: if they floute, we will bring
quippes: if dispute the matter, we will bring scho-
lers: if they buffet, we will bring fists. *Deus bone*,
what a number of we will brings be here? Nay, we
will bring *Bull* to hang them. A good note & signe
of good lucke, threentimes motion of *Bull*. Motion
of *Bull*? Why, next olde *Rosses* motion of Bride-
well, *Bulls* motion firs them best. *Tria sequuntur tria*,
in reckoning *Bull* thrise, me thinkes it should pre-
face hanging. O bad application? Bad? I doo not
thinke there can be a better, than to applie a knaues
neck to an halter. *Martin* cannot start, I am his
shadowe, one part of the day before him, another
behind

Pappe with an hatchet.

behinde him; I can chalke a knaue on his backe
thrice a weeke, Ile let him bloud in the combe.

Take heed, he will pistle thee. Pistle me? Then
haue I a pistle so to stampe his pistles, that Ile beate
all his wit to powder. What will the powder of
Martins wit be good for? Marie blowe vp a dram
of it into the nostrels of a good Protestant, it will
make him giddie; but if you minister it like *Tobacco*
to a Puritane, it will make him as mad as a *Martin*.

Go to, a hatch before the doore, *Martin* smells
thee, and will not feare thee; thou knowest how he
deales with the Archbishop and a Counseller, hee
will name thee and that broadlie. Name me? Mary
he and his shall bee named, that's it I thirst after,
that name to name, and knowing one another, wee
may in the streetes grapple; wee except none; wee
come with a verse in our mouthes, courage in our
hearts, and weapons in our hands, and erie

Discite iustitiam moniti, & non temere dinos.

Martins conscience hath a periwig; therefore to
good men he is more sower than wig; a Lemman
will make his conscience curd like a Posset. Now
comes a biting speech, let me stroake my beard
thrice like a Germain, before I speak a wise word.

/ *Martin*, wee are now following after thee with
hue and crie, & are hard at thy heeles; if thou turne
backe to blade it, wee doubt not but three honest
men shall bee able to ~~beat~~ fixe thee. Wee le
teach thee to commit sacriledge, and to robbe the
Church of xxiiij. Bishops at a blowe. Dost thinke
that we are not men *Martin*, and haue great men

Pappe with an hatchet.

to defend vs which write? Yes, although with thy
seditious cloafe, thou would'st perswade her Ma-
iestie, that most of the Gentlemen of account and
men of honour, were by vs thought Puritanes.
No, it is your poore Iohns, that with your painted
consciencs haue coloured the religion of diuers,
spreading through the veynes of the Common-
wealth like poyson, the doggednes of your deu-
tions; which entring in like the smoothnes of oyle
into the flesh, fretteth in time like quicksilver into
the bones.

When children play with their meate, tis a signe
their bellies are ful, and it must be taken from them;
but if they tread it vnder their secte, they ought to
be ierkt. The Gospell hath made vs wantons, wee
dallie with ceremonies, dispute of circumstances,
not remembring that the Papists haue been ma-
king roddes for vs this thirtie yeares; wee shall bee
swing'd by them, or worse by *Martins*, if *Martins*
bee worse. Neuer if it, for they bee worse with a
witness, and let the diuell be witness. We are so
nice, that the Cap is a beame in our Church, the
booke of Common Praier a millstone, the *Pater
noster* is not well pend by Christ. Well, either re-
ligion is but policie, or policie force religion.

If a Gentleman riding by the way with twentie
men, a number of theues should by deuise or force
binde all his seruants; the good Iustice of Peace
would thinke he should bee robd. When Marti-
nists rancke robbers of the Church shall binde the
legges and armes of the Church, me thinkes the
supreme

Pappe with an hatchet.

Supreme head of the Church should looke pale.

They that pull downe the bells of a steeple, and say it is conscience, will blow vp the chauncell to make it the quintessence of conscience. Bir Ladie, this is a good settled speech, a Diuine might haue seemd to haue said so much. O sir, I am not at tales, and riddles, and rimes, and iests, thats but my Liripoope, if *Martin* knocke the bone he shall find marrow, & if he looke for none, wee'll knock the bone on his pate, and bring him on his marie bones.

I haue yet but giuen them a fillip on the conceipt, Ile sell it to the ground hereafter. Nay, if they make their consciences stretch like chiuerell in the raine, Ile make them crumple like parchment in the fire.

I haue an excellent balme to cure anie that is bitten with *Martin mad-dog*.

I am worth twentie Pistle-penners; let them but chafe my penne, & it shal sweat out a whole realme of paper, or make the odious to the whole Realme.

O but be not partial, giue them their due though they were diuels, so will I, and excuse them for taking anie monie at interest.

There is a good Ladie that lent one of these *Martinists* fortie pounds, and when at the day shee required her money, *Martin* began to storme, and said, he thought her not the child of God, for they must lend, looking for nothing againe; & so to acquite himself of the blot of vsurie, he kept the principall.

These *Martins* make the Scriptures a Scriueners

Pappe with an harber.

shop to draw conueyances, and the common pleas of *Westminster* to take forfeitures. Theyle not stick to out-law a mans soule, and serue it presently with an execution of damnation, if one denie them to lie with his neighbours wife. If they bee drunke, they say, they haue *Timothie* his weake stomacke, which *Saint Paule* willeth to warme with wine.

They haue sifted the holie Bible, and left vs nothing as they say, but branne: they haue boulted it ouer againe and againe, and got themselves the fine meale; tis meale indeede, for with their wresting and thuffling holie *Writ*, they finde all themselves good meales, and stand at liuerie as it were, at other mens tables.

Sed heus tu, dic sodes, will they not bee discouraged for the common players? Would those Comedies might be allowed to be plaid that are pend, and then I am sure he would be decyphered, and so perhaps discouraged.

He shall not be brought in as whilom he was, and yet verie well, with a cocks combe, an apes face, a wolfs belly, cats clawes, &c. but in a cap de cloake, and all the best apparell he ware the highest day in the yeare, thats neither on Christmas day, Good friday, Easter day, Ascension, nor Trinitie sunday, (for that were popish) but on some rainie weeke-daie, when the brothers and sisters had appointed a match for particular praiers, a thing as badd at the least as Auricular confelsion.

A stage plaier, though he be but a cobbler by occupation, yet his chance may bee to play the Kings part.

Pappe with an hatcher.

part. *Martin*, of what calling so euer he be, can play nothing but the knaues part, *qui tantum constans in humanitate sua est.*

Would it not bee a fine Tragedie, when *Mar-*
docheus shall play a Bishoppe in a Play, and *Martin*
Hamm, and that hee that seekes to pull downe
those that are set in authoritie aboue him, should
be hoysted vp on a tree aboue all other.

I Though he play least in sight now, yet we hope
to see him stride from Aldgate to Ludgate, and
looke ouer all the Citie at London Bridge. Soft
swift, he is no traytor. Yes, if it bee treason to en-
courage the Commons against the chiefe of the
Clergie, to make a generall reuolt from the go-
uernment so wel established, so wisely maintained,
and so long prospering.

Because they say, *Aue Caesar*, therefore they
meane nothing against *Caesar*. There may be hid-
den vnder their long gownes, short daggers, and
so in blearing *Caesars* eyes, conspire *Caesars* death.
God saue the Queene; why it is the Que which
they take from the mouthes of all traytors, who
though they bee thoroughly conuinced; both by
prooffe and their owne confessions, yet at the last
gaspe they crie, God saue the Queene. GOD saue
the Queene (say I) out of their hands, in whose
hearts (long may the Queene thus gouerne) is not
engtauened.

Her sacred Maiestie hath this thirtie yeares;
with a setled and princelie temper swayed the
Scepter of this Realme, with no lesse content

Pappe with an hatchet.

of her subiects, than wonder of the world. GOD hath blessed her gouernment, more by miracle than by counsaile, and yet by counsaile as much as can come from policie. Of a state taking such deepe roote, as to bee fastened by the prouidence of God, the vertue of the Prince, the wisdom of Counsellers, the obedience of subiects, and the length of time, who would goe about to shake the lowest bough, that feeles in his conscience but the least blessing. Here is a fit rourne to squeeze them with an Apothegme.

There was an aged man that liued in a well ordered Common-wealth by the space of threescore yeares, and finding at the length that by the heate of some mens braines, and the warmnes of other mens bloud, that newe alterations were in hammering, and that it grewe to such an height, that all the desperat and discontented persons were readie to runne their heads against their head; comming into the midst of these mutiners, cried as loude as his yeares would allowe, Springalls and vnripened youthes, whose wisdomes are yet in the blade, when this snowe shall bee melted (laying his hand on his siluer haire) then shall you find store of durt, and rather wish for the continuance of a long frost, than the comming of an vntimely thaw. He moralize this.

He warrant the good old man meant, that when the ancient gouernment of the state should be altered by faction, or newe lawes brought in that were deuised by nice heads, that there should followe a foule

Pappe with an hatchet.

foule and slipperie managing; where, if happily most did not fall, yet all would bee tired. A settled raigne is not like glasse mettall, to be blowne in bignesse, length or fashion of euerie mans breath, and breaking to be melted againe, & so blowne afresh, but it is compared to the fastning of the Cedar, that knitteth it selfe with such wreaths into the earth, that it cannot be remooued by anie violent force of the aire.

(Martin, I haue taken an inuentorie of all thy viciuill and rakehell tearmes, and could sute them in no place but in Bedlam and Bridewell, so mad they are, and so bad they are, and yet all proceeds of the spirit. I thinke thou art possesst with the spirites of *Iacke Straw* & the Black-smith, who, so they might rent in peeces the gouernment, they would drawe cutts for religion.

If all be conscience, let conscience bee the foundation of your building, not the glasse, shew effects of conscience, mildnesse in spirit, obedience to Magistrates, loue to thy brethren. Stitch charitie to thy faith, or rip faith from thy works.

If thou wilt deale soberlie without scosses, thou shalt be answered grauely without iests, yea and of those, whom thou canst not controll for learning, nor accuse for ill life, nor shouldst contemne for authoritie. But if like a restie Iade thou wilt take the bitt in thy mouth, and then runne ouer hedge and ditch, thou shalt be broke as *Prosper* broke his horses, with a muzroule, a portmouth, and a martin-gall, and so haue thy head runne against a stone wal.

If

Pappe with an hatchet?

If thou refuse learning, and sticke to libelling; if nothing come out of those lauish lipps, but taunts not without bitterness, yet without wit; rayling not without spite, yet without cause, then giue me thy hand, thou and I will trie it out at the cucking-stools. He make thee to forget Bishops English, and weep Irish; next hanging there is no better reuenge on *Martin*, thā to make him crie for anger; for there is no more fullē beast, than a he drab. He make him put his powting cros cloath ouer his beetle browes for melancholie, and then my next booke, shall bee *Martin in his mubble fubbles*.

Here I was writing *Finis* and *Funis*, and determined to lay it by, till I might see more knauerie filde in: within a while appeared olde *Martin* with a wit worn into the socket, twinkling and pinking like the snuffe of a candle; *quantum mutatus ab illo*, how vnlike the knaue he was before, not for malice but for sharpnesse.

The hogshead was euen come to the hauncing, and nothing could be drawn from him but dregs: yet the emptie caske sounds lowder than when it was full; and protests more in his waining, than he could performe in his waxing. I drew neere the fillic soule, whome I found quiuering in two sheetes of protestation paper. O how meager and leane hee lookt, so creast false, that his combe hung downe to his bill, and had I not been sure it was the picture of enuie, I shoulde haue sworne it

Pappe this know that we

it had been the image of death, so that he was a
nation of mischief, that one might see through
all the fibres of his confidence, I began to dresse
my selfe, and was ready to say the *Pater noster*; but
that I knewe he would not for it, and so used no o-
ther wordes, but *ubi in malum uertimur*, because I
knewe that I dole for him. I came so neere, that I
could see a substantiall flame from a spires shad-
dow.

I sawe through his pappe to see, that it was but
a cosening nose, and one that had leaude of the
holie maide of Kent, to be in France, before he had
brought forth his lie; drawing his mouth awrie,
that could neuer speake right; goggling with his
eyes that watred with strong wine, licking his lips,
and gaping, as though he should loose his childes
nose, if he had not his longing to swallowe Church-
es and swelling in the paunch, as though he had
been in labour of a little babie, no bigger than re-
bellion; but truth was at the Bishoppes trauaile: so
that *Martin* was deliuered by sedition, which pulls
the monster with yron from the beastes bowells.
When I perceiued that he masked in his taying
robes, I was so bolde as to pull off his shrowding
sheete, that all the world might see the olde foole
daunce naked.

Tis not a peniworth of protestation that can
buy thy pardon, nor a worth a penie that thou pro-
claimest. *Martin* comes in with bloud, bloud, as
though he should bee a martir. *Martins* are mad
martirs, some of them burnt seauen yeares agoe,

Pappe with an hatchet.

and yet alive. Out of the blinde at I will, pulling out his napkin to wipe his mouth after a flyle drop a fingeers caliver at his foot where he stood, these fellows can abide no pompe, and yet you see they cannot be without a little squirting phase & tub no more, the curtall wretches.

[They call the Bishops hutchens] if hist the meta phore wel, such calivers must be knotted on the head, and who fitter than the Fathers of the Church, to cut the throates of heresies in the Church. Nay, whe they have no properie of the prebtor beath their fippe is for fporkes, not for hatching, not for no dish, but ditches. I thinke them w doth neither the maring nor the telling, but for their scabbard nes to bee thrust from the pintoide to the scaffold, and with an *Habeas corpus* to remove them from the Shepherds care, to the hangman but on get.

I but he hath sillogismes in pike sauce, and arguments that have been these twenrie yeres in pickle. I picke hell, you shall not finde such reasons, they bee all in celarent, and dare not shewe their heads, for wee will answere them in *serio* and cut their combes. So say they, their blood is sought. Their blood? What should wee doo with it, when it will make a dogge haue the toothach to eate the puddings.

Martin tunes his pipe to the lamentable noise of *Ora whine meg*. O tis his best dancce next making of the sheetes; but, hee good man meant no harme by it. No more did one of his minions,

that

Rappe with us haaber.

that thinking to rap out an oath and swear by his conscience, mistooke the word and swore by his concupiscence; not vnlike the theefe, that instead of God speede, sayd stand, and so tooke a purse for God morowe.

Yet dooth *Martin* hope that all her Maiesties best subiects will become *Martinists*; a blister of that tongue as bigge as a drummes head; for if the *Queenes* Maiestie haue such abiects for her best subiects, let all true subiects be accompted abiects.

They that reare the boughs, will hew at the tree, and hauing once wet their secte in factions, will not care how deepe they wade in treason.

After *Martin* hath racked ouer his protestation with a lades pace, hee runnes ouer his fooleries with a knaues gallop, ripping vp the souterlie feames of his Epistle, botching in such frize iestes vpon fustion in earnest, that one seeing all sortes of his shredde, would thinke hee had robd a taylors shoppe boord; and then hee concludes all doggedlie, with Doctor *Bullens* dogge *Spring*, not remembring that there is not a better Spannell in England to spring a couie of queanes than *Martin*.

Hee slings one, has a sling at another, along tale of his sabothe, of a vulnerall sermon, and of a fooles head in souce. This is the Epistle which he woonders at himselfe, and like an olde Ape hugges the Vichin so in his conceipt, as though

Rappe not him herber.

it should show some new tricks ouer the chaffin,
neuer with it published *Martin*; we pittie it before
it comes out. Trusse vp thy packet of flim flams, &
roage to some countrey Faite, or read it among
boyes in the belfrie, neuer trouble the church with
channings; but if like dawes, you will be cawing a-
bout Churches, build your nests in the steeple, de-
file not the quier.

Martin writes merely, because (hee saies) people
are carried away sooner with iest than earnest. If,
but *Martin* neuer put Religion into a fooles coate,
there is great oddes betweene a Gospeller, and a Li-
beller.

If thy vaine bee so pleasaunt, and thy witt so
so nimble, that all consists in glicks and girds; pen
some play for the Theater, write some ballads for
blinde *David* and his boy; dedise some testis; & be-
come another *Scogen*, so shalt thou haue yet inough
for all thy vanities, thy Printer shall purchase, and
all other iesters beg.

For to giue thee thy due, thou art the best died
foole in graine that euer was, and all other fooles
lacke manie graines, to make them so heauie.

There is not such a mad foole in Bedlam, nor
such a baudie foole in Bridewell, nor such a dron-
ken foole in the stockes, nor such a scolding foole
on the cucking stooke, nor such a costening foole on
the pillerie, nor such a bragging foole in the houses
of courtiers, nor such a simple foole kept of alms,
nor such a lame foole lying in the spittle, nor in all
the world, such a foole, all. Nay for fooles set down

Pappe with an hatchet.

in the scriptures, none such as *Martin*.

What atheist more foole, that saies in his heart,
There is no God? What foole more proud, that
stands in his own cōceit? What foole more coue-
tous than he, that seekes to redd abroad the Chur-
ches goods with a forke, and scratch it to himselfe
with a rake.

Thou seest *Martin* with a little helpe, to the foure
& twentie orders of knaues, thou maist solder the
foure and twentie orders of foolēs, and so because
thou saist thou art vnmarried, thou maist commit
matrimonie, from the heires of whose incest, wee
will say that which you cannot abide, *Good Lord*
deliuer vs.

If this veyne bleede but sixe ounces more, I shall
proue a pretie railer, and so in time may growe to
bee a proper *Martinist*. Tush, I doo but licke ouer
my pamphlet, like a Beares whelpe, to bring it in
some forme; by that time he replies, it will haue
clawes and teeth, and then let him looke to bee
scratcht and bitten too.

Thou seest *Martin* Moldwarpe, that hetherto I
haue named none, but markt them readie for the
next market: if thou proceed in naming, be as sure
as thy shirt to thy knaues skinne, that Ile name
such, as though thou canst not blush, because thou
art past manie, yet they shall bee sorie, because they
are not all without grace.

Pasquil is comming out with the liues of the
Saints. Beware my Comment, tis odds the margent
shall be as full as the text. I haue manie sequences

Pappe with an hatchet.

of Saints; if naming be the advantage, & ripping up
of lues make sport, haue with thee knuckle deep,
it shal neuer be said that I dare not vete mine eares,
where *Martin* hazards his necke.

Now me thinkes *Martin* begins to stretch him-
selfe like an old fencer, with a great conscience for
a buckler, and a long tongue for a sword. Lie close
you old cutter at the locke, *Nam mihi sunt vires, &
mea tela nocent.* Tis odds but that I shall thrust thee
through the buckler into the brain, that is through
the conscience into the wit.

If thou sue me for a double maim, I care not
though the Iurie allow thee treble damages, it can-
not amouit to much, because thy conscience is with
out wit, and thy wit without conscience, & there-
fore both, not worth a penie.

Therefore take this for the first venew, of a
yonger brother, that meanes to drie beate those of
the Elder house. *Martin* this is my last straine for
this fleech of mirth. I began with God morrowe,
and bid you God night. I must tune my fiddle, and
fetch some more rozen, that it may squeake out
Martins Marachine.

FINIS.

*Candidissimi Lectores, peto terminum adhibe-
landum.*

Lectores

Assignamus in proximum.



